DESERET EVENING NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

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The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

LADY MARY'S SPICY LONDON LETTER

Tells Why Marlborough's Sister Will Not Wed Our Ambassador's Lackey.

A MARRIAGE DECLARED OFF.

Prospective Bridegroom Will Probably Console Himself With an American Widow of Note.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Jan. 18.—I was among those who were surprised by the official announcement that the marriage between the American ambassador's controller of the household, the Hon. William Walsh, and Lady Norah Spencer Churchill, will not take place. It has been known for some time among their friends—who after the fashion of friends did not keep the knowledge to themselves—that things were not running smoothly between the couple. Last July was the date first assigned for the marriage, but it has been postponed several times since then. The first hitch occurred over finding money enough to start housekeeping and keep it up. As the third son of Lord Ormathwaite, whose estates are heavily encumbered, the Honorable Walsh's allowance is a very small one. To tide over the difficulty Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid offered to let them occupy rent free a handsome suite of apartments in Dorchester House, the spacious marble palace which the ambassador occupies as a town residence. To help further solve the financial problem the Duchess of Marlborough promised to settle $5,000 a year on her sister-in-law—Lady Norah is the younger sister of the duke—after the marriage.

MORE TROUBLES CAME.

Then fresh troubles arose. Lady Norah became dissatisfied with her fiance's position. "Controller of the household" sounds imposing, but as I have previously pointed out in this correspondence, the billet is merely that of a glorified chief lackey. It was understood that the Honorable Walsh intended to avail himself of the abundant leisure which the job allowed him to hustle for something better. But after he was snugly ensconced in Dorchester House he did not hustle enough to hurt himself. Lady Norah's remonstrances did not have the effect of stimulating his ambition.

Neither of them is particularly angelic in the matter of temper and that became most apparent when they played bridge together. It was bridge that led to the final breach between them. Fate made them partners at a country house where they were spending the Christmas week. She is the better player of the two, and when he made a wrong lead, she said something that was not flattering to his intelligence. He retorted with an observation to the effect that amiability was not one of her strong points. A scene followed which ended by Lady Norah flinging down her cards—some stories that have reached me have it that she flung them on her fiance's face—and leaving the table, made for the door.

BEGGED HER TO RETURN.

The Honorable Walsh intercepted her exit and begged her to return, and promised that he would be good, and all that, but she indignantly waived him aside.

"All is at an end between us," she exclaimed.

"As you wish," he answered.

I understand it will not be long before the Honorable Walsh consoles himself with a charming American widow. If he should marry her he will be under no further necessity of working for a living. Meanwhile Lady Norah is a guest at a big house party given by the Duke of Abercorn and having a good time.

It is usual here to regard American women as chiefly responsible for introducing the fashion of squandering superfluous wealth on canine pets. The Christmas present which Lady Willoughby De Ersby—formerly Miss Breese of New York and a bride of only a few weeks ago—selected for her mother, Mrs. Higgins, who resides in London, lends some color to the view. It is a complete outfit for Mrs. Higgins' little spitz dog, and it would be difficult to conceive of anything better calculated to make any dog, with an atom of self respect, completely miserable. Her ladyship purchased it in Paris and paid $1,000 for it. In it are included several fur coats and also silk mackintoshes. There is one of sable tail lined with white satin which has Mrs. Higgins' initials in one corner, while in another is the dog's. There is a tiny pocket for a handkerchief and another for the pampered beast's card case which is of gold with his name in turquoises. For still smarter occasions there is a coat of ermine with a lining of turquoise satin bound with golden cord, and on this is embroidered in brilliants the dog's initials. In all likelihood Mrs. Higgins's dog is the only one which possesses a motor car—a wonderful little article perfect in every detail. It is painted white and gold and is lined with blue leather. For motoring the dog has a number of special garments, notably a Russian colt skin coat and fur boots. Goggles of green glass are also supplied.

LOVE OF CANINE FREAKS.

But if American women did start this ridiculous fashion of degrading dogs by bestowing luxuries upon them which they would be far better without, some English women can fairly claim to have bettered the instruction. I have in mind one woman in particular who occupies a palatial residence in the country. She abominates children and lavishes her affections on a lot of canine freaks of the kind that are usually described as toy dogs. She expended thousands of dollars in feeding, clothing and housing her pets. Each of them was provided with a dozen suits for different occasions and seasons. Each of them had its own private apartment luxuriously furnished. None of them lacked for anything that it ought not to have had. She was almost in despair because she could think of no other way in which she could waste money upon them when a brilliant idea struck her. She would buy jewelry for them. And she did. She put gold bracelets on the wretched little brutes—one around each leg—and put gold earrings in their ears. And for the one which had the misfortune to be her particular favorite she bought a splendid pearl necklace with a magnificent diamond pendant. It cost over $5,000.

There is a woman of considerable social prominence here who has engaged a special chef to prepare her dogs' meals. For each day they have a separate menu which is inscribed on a hand-painted menu card. They dine off gold plates with the finest cambric napkins tied around their necks. And yet in this happy land there are hundreds of thousands of human being living on the verge of starvation and thousands of babies die annually for lack of proper nourishment.

A SCENE OF ANIMATION.

The little village of Rushton presented a scene of unwonted animation on Christmas eve. Threatened with becoming one of the rural derelicts of England James Van Alen's occupation of Rushton hall has put new life into the sleepy old place. The generosity of King Edward at Sandringham compares unfavorably with the expatriated American millionaire's hospitality at Rushton. The king gives meat, poultry, vegetables, fruit and plum pudding to his neighbors at Christmas time. But the owner of Rushton hall has gone one better. He created a fresh market at the little town of Rushton by announcing that it was his intention to present every man on the estate or employed about the hall with a fat goose or turkey, or an equivalent in beef or mutton. He further announced that any person living in the village or within two and a half miles of Rushton hall who could show that the Christmas dinner was a doubtful quantity had only to apply to the steward on the estate to find immediate relief. When it is pointed out that this particular locality has been the scene of violent and prolonged strikes caused by disagreements between boot manufacturers and their workmen during the last six months or more it will be understood that the demands on Mr. Van Alen's purse must have been considerable. Sports and an entertainment for children were provided on "boxing day," as the day following Christmas is called.

ENTHUSIASTIC SPORTSMAN.

Sir Lewis Molesworth, as the majority of people know, is an enthusiastic sportsman of the modern school, but few outside an immediate circle of acquaintances are aware that Lady Molesworth, who was a Miss Frost of St. Louis, shares his taste in that direction. Sir Lewis is a member of the London clubs where gambling for high stakes is indispensable to popularity. At Brook's and the Turf club he has frequently been the successful hero of a 12 hours' play at cards and other forms of gambling. On such occasions he likes to tell his friends what an excellent bridge player Lady Molesworth is. At their manison in Cumberland Place near Hyde park, some of the smartest bridge parties of the last two seasons have met and many a young sprig of the aristocracy has left it in the early hours of the morning and left his monthly allowance behind him. Although Lady Molesworth is getting on in years she is not afraid to stand the strain of an all night sitting if the company is congenial and the play is of an exciting character. When her husband kept race horses she took an active interest in their management and performances, but with her usual shrewdness and a considerable amount of good luck which seems to follow her investments, the bookmakers never scored against her. The present Prince of Wales and his brother, the late Duke of Clarence, could tell exciting stories of "sporting" nights at Cumberland place. With a house party at her place in Cornwall Lady Molesworth can be seen at her best. LADY MARY.

Talking Time by the Forelock.

A lady, entertaining a guest of importance, was giving final instructions to her maid.

"Now, Polly," she said, "in the morning take a pitcher of hot water up to Mr. X.'s room. Be sure not to forget this."

"No'rm," Polly answered. The lady thought no more of the matter until the next day, when at noon she remarked casually: "Of course, Polly, you carried that hot water to Mr. X.'s room this morning?"

Polly beamed. "D'law, Miss Mary, I was so 'feared I mought furgit dat water dat I cy'ard it up las' night."—Lippincott's.

Margaret Carnegie's Pets and Playthings.

How the Little Daughter of the Multi-Millionaire Philanthropist Amuses Herself at Skibo Castle—Her Persian Cat, White Lamb and Shaggy Shetland—Also, Her Rooster, Rabbits and Pigeons.

MARGARET CARNEGIE AND HER PET LAMB.

LONDON, Jan. 18.—Little Margaret Carnegie, the demure and retiring daughter of the millionaire philanthropist, seems to take after her mother. Like the latter she is reticent and bashful. She has the silent manner of an English child when in the presence of elders. Thus far she has not developed the characteristic pushfulness of her father and does not dominate the household after the fashion of American children of a certain set.

AMONG HER PETS.

She seems to be more at home among her pets than anywhere else. Perhaps her shy and retiring disposition accounts for this. Chief among her dumb friends is an enormous Persian cat with tiger eyes and Dundreary whiskers. The cat is so large that it looks like a stunted tiger. It has a superb coat of fur which gives the animal a wealth of comfort, much needed in the cold climate of northern Scotland. Its paws are powerful and armed as they are with sharp claws of defence and of offence, the cat would be no mean enemy. Its ferocious eyes and punishing claws are not for Margaret. More likely would they be used to protect the young mistress of millions than be turned in attack upon her, for the fierce look leaves its eyes and the wellset paws become velvety when Margaret is near.

TO PLAY WITH MATTIE.

The chief duty of this cat is, not to kill mice and rats nor to chase tomtits or cock robins, but to play with its mistress. And it must be admitted that they make more racket than might be expected from the retiring child of Skibo Castle. They rush through drawing room and library and hall; they jump over chairs and upon tables; they make a bee line for the billiard room and upon the middle of the biggest table they fight to a finish their rough and tumble tournament.

The most exciting race of the big tom cat and its shy little mistress takes place up the spacious staircase of Skibo Castle. Indeed this staircase is used more by the cat and Margaret than by all the other members of the Carnegie household combined. For the electric lift, which gives such a touch of modernity to this typical Scotch Castle, is very much in demand. When Margaret and her cat have tired each other out, they find repose in the slumber of the weary.

LAMB AND PONY.

The two pets which give the heiress of Skibo Castle the best air and sunlight and exercise are a pet lamb and a shaggy Shetland Pony. The former is not a little lamb like Mary's. I think Margaret Carnegie does not like tiny animals as pets. In the days when she had dolls, talking dolls, singing dolls, all sorts of dolls, none of them were small. Furthermore, it is on record that she fancied an elephant and her father bought it for her and then she presented the trunky beast to Central Park, New York. Her cat is the biggest of the Persian species, and her pony the largest of the Shetland breed.

Margaret and her big lamb romp together on the green gward around Skibo Castle. It is a picture of pretty innocence and rural simplicity to see Margaret Carnegie with her tiny arms around the great lamb's neck. Racing out of doors with the lamb on fine days takes the place of indoor dashes with the cat when the weather is not so propitious. There is yet another difference between Margaret of Scotland and her big lamb and Mary of the legend and her little lamb. The big lamb does not go to every place that Margaret goes.

RIDES VERY WELL.

Miss Carnegie rides well. The indications are that she will be a Diana. But no Amazonian astride for this fair huntress. She sits her pony after the fashion of the pluckiest fox hunting ladies of England. The late Cardinal Manning, an excellent type of the ascetic Englishman, used to say an English gentleman should be able to read Horace and ride after hounds. On a similar principle, an English or a Scotch or an American lady should be able to speak French and ride across country. Margaret Carnegie will be able to do both.

PRETTIEST OF SETTERS.

Miss Carnegie has the prettiest setter in all Scotland. Its big brown mournful eyes look out upon her with limitless affection. This dog is her faithful companion in her walks and in her rides. The young girl likes this beautiful animal with the glossy hair and bushy tail. Her liking is not misplaced. Her confidence in man's faithful companion has not been abused. One of the few clean books of Ouida is "The Dog of Flanders." The book is known in the Carnegie household and Margaret is conversant with its teaching on the fidelity of the dog.

LOVE FOR PIGEONS.

Miss Carnegie has the feminine instinct for the feathered tribe. She loves pigeons. Their billing and cooing take her fancy. The curve of their breasts is a thing of beauty. Little Margaret is known to have shown her artistic temperament by comparing the beautifully rounded breast of the ringdove with the curves formed by the driven snow. The late John Ruskin wrote that there is nothing so beautiful in nature as these curves. When the wings of her doves droop or when the pigeons give any other indication of illness, Miss Carnegie at once turns nurse. It is fitting that the daughter of the philanthropist, who has already given away one hundred and thirty million dollars, should be a lover of animals. Her humane spirit is inherited and one is not surprised to learn that, young as she is, Miss Carnegie has her pet charities.

ROOSTER AND RABBIT.

A rooster likewise numbers among this young girl's pets and the rooster looks as though it is capable of going into the cock pit and of coming out victoriously. Something of the energy of the father has descended to the daughter. While reposeful in manner her preference is for the strong in animal life.

Little girls like rabbits. They hate the quills of the fretful porcupine but the soft fur of the rabbit soothes them. Miss Carnegie is no exception, and in spite of her inherited energy, she is as feminine as she can be. The gentle touch of the silken rabbit pleases her. Her bunnies are the most tenderly cared for in the whole world.

As peacemaker among her pets, Miss Carnegie is peerless. Her dog lives in peace with her rabbits and her Persian cat will not incur her displeasure by making war on her pigeons. Here again heredity shows itself. For Margaret is the daughter of the man who will build the Temple of Peace at The Hague.

SIMPLE AND GENTLE.

Margaret does not realize that she is probably the wealthest heiress in the world. The manner in which she is brought up is the very soul of gentle, womanly simplicity, and this in spite of most luxurious surroundings. Though she sits at the dinner table where princes and dukes and lords, spiritual and temporal, and blue-blooded and blue-stockinged ladies are present, no undue or even noticeable attention is paid to her.

When little Margaret gets to her amusements, then there is another story to tell. She can play "puff billiards" successfully against big, black-bearded men. The game seems to be a favorite one at Skibo, partly because it is quite exhilarating and partly because no long and laborious practise is needed to play it. At all events, the game strengthens Margaret's wrists, and indeed is a good one for a humid climate where children are compelled to stay within doors.

Nor is the game of puff billiards Miss Margaret's only physical accomplishment. The little heiress is a perfect water nymph. The marvelous marble bathing basin in the grounds of Skibo castle has done its work. Here in this saltsea foam, heated to a comfortable temperature, she splashes and swims siren-like. Should she continue her swimming exercises, the day is not far distant when Mr. Carnegie's own daughter will be able to win one of her father's hero prizes.

RUSSIAN GAMES.

Lately little Margaret plays much at Russian games. These were sent to her by the president of the Slavonic society of Moscow after he had paid a visit to Skibo castle. It seems that the toys are made by Russian peasants and sold by a benevolent society for the benefit of the poor, so that Margaret by her encouragement of Russian games comes to the assistance of the suffering peasant families.

Mrs. Carnegie does not wish to have anything written about her daughter, however flattering it may be. Mr. Carnegie, on the other hand, says, "Throw the Carnegie household wide open. I have no skeleton in my closet. If the people can learn anything useful from a knowledge of my household, they are welcome to it." And the pets of the little girl, who will probably be the richest chatelaine in the world, are interesting to hundreds of thousands of other little girls.

ANN BREWSTER.

MARGARET CARNEGIE'S DOG.

THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE JAPANESE.

IN the matter of circulation the newspapers of Japan cannot compare with those of London. There are, however, quite a number of daily journals published in Tokio and Osaka which boast of daily issues running well into six figures. The journal with the best circulation in Japan is the Osaka Mainichi, which sells to the extent of 220,000 copies a day. The Ashahi, published in the same town, has nearly as large a circulation.

In Tokio the newspaper most widely read is the Hochi Shimbun (the Bulletin News), which sells 200,000 copies daily. The Hochi is the great opposition journal, the organ of Count Okuma, ex-premier, and the most influential journal of the elder statesmen. Then there is the Jiji Shimpo, the Nichi Nichi, the Kokumin and the Ashahi of Tokio, all with circulations of between 50,000 and 180,000. The Kokumin is the government organ, and it will be remembered when peace was signed the angry inhabitants of Tokio, enraged at its attitude and acquiescence with the peace treaty, attacked the offices and nearly caused a serious outbreak.

When I say that the Hochi is the opposition organ, it must not be understood that my paper showed any opposition to the government during the war with Russia. In point of fact, from the time when our relations with Russia were broken off the newspapers in Japan, without any exception, supported the government and the nation.

The Jiji Shimpo is owned and edited by the son-in-law of Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese minister in London, while the Nichi Nichi is now the property of Mr. Kato, formerly minister to London, and its editor is a Christian, Mr. Yokoi, who is a member of the Japanese parliament.

The daily newspapers of Japan are much cheaper than those of London, even in these days of the ascendency of the half-penny press. Most subscribers pay for their favorite newspaper monthly, and their subscriptions work out in some cases at a fraction under a farthing a day, and in none at more than a half-penny a day. This notwithstanding that advertisement rates in our papers are considerably lower than they are here. For small advertisements the highest rate I have heard of is one shilling per line; while for large advertisements I have never heard of more than $125 a page being paid for one insertion.

On occasions when we receive news of very great importance, it is customary to issue special editions, but these are are not (as they are here) complete copies of the paper. They are, on the contrary, merely leaflets, containing nothing but the particular item of important news. These are sold on the streets by newsboys at prices varying from one to one and one-half cents.

The recent introduction of the serial story into English papers has been a feature of the Japanese press for 30 years past. It will doubtless amuse English people to know that the serial system is, in our press, frequently applied to the publication of leading article and important political subjects. For instance, we may publish a column of a statesman's speech today, mark it "To be continued," give it another column tomorrow, and keep this up until it is finished a week later. Similarly with leading articles the same practise is frequently adopted.

The production of a newspaper, complicated though it is in England, is much more so in Japan. We cannot use the linotype machines for "setting up" articles. This must be done by hand, and when I tell you that in the Japanese language there are some 50,000 different characters, of which 28,000 are in common daily use, you will understand that the compositor has to be a man of no small skill and ability.

The typeroom of a Japanese newspaper is a large compartment, with shelves all around the four walls, and in "setting" copy the compositor has to run round the room picking out from the thousands of little receptacles the type he requires. It is at one and the same time both mental and physical exercise of a pretty strenuous description.

As an instance of the manner in which a Japanese newspaper is conducted, I may state that the staff of the Hochi consists of 63 editors, subeditors and reporters. The staff is divided into some seven or eight departments, viz., army, navy, political, financial, economical, city, artistic and translating. Work begins much earlier than it does on the London papers. We cannot, as you do in England, print news within a few minutes of its arrival in the office. From the time of an item of news being written to its appearance in print we require one or two hours, while you can do it in a few minutes.—Yasujiro Ishikawa (Editor of the Hochi Shimbun) in the London Express.

Cheaper Than Food.

In his villa at Capri, a beautiful villa that Elihu Vedder built, Booth Tarkington gave a dinner to the American colony in December.

During the dinner Mr. Tarkington did something very absentminded. Then, apropos of absentmindedness, he said:

"At Phillips Exeter Academy, where I went to school, there used to be a most absentminded instructor.

"This man's wife hastened in to him one morning as he sat in his study marking exercises.

"'Oh,' she cried, 'oh, I've swallowed a pin. Oh, John, what shall I do?'

"The instructor smiled.

"'Don't worry about it, my dear,' he said in a soothing tone. 'It is of no consequence. Here'—he fumbled in his lapel—'here is another pin.'"

THE HOME LIFE OF FAMOUS SCULPTOR

How the Wonderful Rodin Works At His Art Even While He Eats His Meals.

PERSONAL ECCENTRICITIES.

Often Keeps a Particularly Cherished Bit of Carving Under His Pillow While He Sleeps.

Special Correspondence.

PARIS, Jan. 17.—Rodin, probably the most famous of living sculptors, is much talked about in Paris social circles just now, not so much on account of any new achievement in the world of art, but for the eccentricities of his home life. Auguste Rodin at home and the same man in his studio are quite different personalities.

Up to within the last month or two, very little indeed has been known of the sculptor's home life. The public, and even his intimate friends, have known Rodin principally at the studios in Paris placed at his disposal by the French government. His home life has been kept a thing separate and apart.

Through the influence of an intimate friend of the sculptor, however, the writer was recently privileged to visit M. Rodin at his own home. He lives just on the outskirts of the little village of Meudon, about half an hour's ride from Paris. His house—an unpretentious little red brick villa—stands on the top of a high hill which, in a westerly direction, commands a fine view of the surrounding country. Immediately adjoining the home of Rodin, and dwarfing it into insignificance, is his big new studio. For many years, before the studio came into existence, the famous sculptor did a great deal of work at his Meudon home. He received no visitors; paid no calls; but worked incessantly—his sole companion being his wife.

A BROKEN HOME RULE.

Recently M. Rodin has broken through the splendid isolation that has surrounded his home, and invited several friends to partake of his hospitality. They even met Mme. Rodin, and one or two of them were introduced to her. This was considered a rare exception to the rule hitherto pursued by the artist.

It is not jealousy on Rodin's part—only indifference. His wife seems to perform the function of nursing him, and keeping his health in order.

[illegible]nner in which Mme. Rodin [illegible]er the notice of the friends of [illegible]or was somewhat remarkable. [illegible]y years Mme. Rodin had been [illegible]ed about the household, cooking the meals and doing all the housework; for even now the great sculptor employs no servant in his home. Mme. Rodin seemed no different from the ordinary old woman whom one sees attached to most French households. There is always a "Marie" or a "Hortense"—usually aged—in every family.

One day, when some friends were dining with Rodin, one of them said in confidence:

"Monsieur, why don't you get rid of that terrible old woman who prowls about the place. What you need is a fresh young housekeeper, who would make your life worth living."

Rodin seemed to enjoy the joke immensely, and often told afterward how discomfited his friend looked when the sculptor explained that the terrible old woman was none other than Mme. Rodin herself.

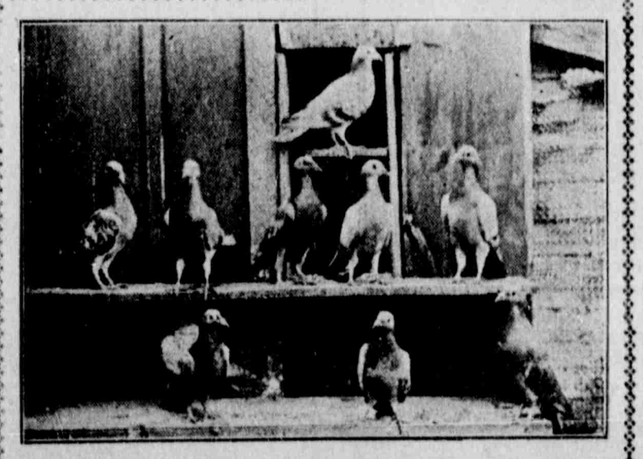
And thus Mme. Rodin became known as the artist's wife—but she was never introduced as such; never took part in any of the entertainments; always waited on the table, did the cooking and the house work, all as a matter of course.

PROUD OF HUSBAND.

In Mme. Rodin's estimation there is no other person in the world but her husband; his wants, his comforts, make up her life. She seems to know in a vague sort of way that in recent years he has acquired much fame, and that his personal wealth has augmented in a way that enabled him to build studios and supply his own home with all he can wish for. But it is evident she does not realize for a moment that she might be called upon at any moment to play the part of a great artist's wife.

Some very curious stories are in circulation concerning the manner of life lived by the Rodins. Days and days go by during which neither speaks a word to the other, saving to mention what is wanted for the dinner. And yet it is quite evident that the very best of understandings exists between the artist and his wife. Mme. Rodin rises every morning about 5:30 and prepares her husband's coffee—for Rodin is a very early riser, never beginning his daily work later than 6 o'clock. He dons a huge dressing gown, made of flannel, very thick in texture, which madam has previously warmed for him. The sculptor generally begins work even while dressing, for he not infrequently carries to his room the previous night some piece of modeling in which he may be interested. As soon as he is dressed his breakfast is placed on the table—he takes the usual French coffee and roll at this meal—and even while disposing of this simple repast he works at his modeling. He has usually on the table before him a cast of what he wishes to work at—perhaps a reduced model of some antique piece of sculpture—and while drinking his coffee and munching his roll Rodin works, oblivious of the surrounding world. Madam attends upon him, standing a few feet away from his chair, dutifully fills his cup or replenishes his plate, and never a word is spoken between the couple.

Before his new studio was put up it was Rodin's custom to retire to a big room on the ground floor of his house and work there until 11 o'clock; when he had the regular breakfast which Frenchmen enjoy at this hour. At this meal, the same reticence was observed as at the early meal, the sculptor place-



MARGARET CARNEGIE'S PIGEONS.